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Perry White (Editor)
Olivet Nazarene College

Clark Kent (Managing Editor)
Olivet Nazarene College

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the
GUTTERGLASS

OLIVET NAZARENE COLLEGE
April 1, 1976

Vol. XXXV

Issue No. 11

**APRIL FOOL
EDITION**



'Say, man, let's go beat up on some protestors!'

GOOFIMNG OFF IS A LOST ART

Darts anyone?

by Jolene Mills



Photo by Thomas

Ludwig Center has caught a syndrome. The syndrome runs freely throughout the halls of this great palace. Some of the loyal subjects of ONC are not aware of the little molecules that make up this mysterious disease. Others, like us here at the dusty den, are more than aware of it. We are proud to announce that we have had first-hand experience with the little creatures. We jump on chairs proclaiming our great honor. We hop upon our sacred desks and scream about the wonderful distinction given us when it is advertised about our affiliation with the syndrome. (We do the advertising with our screams).

About this time, everyone out in printer's land is now asking, "What in the world is the syndrome? Writer's Cramp?" Well almost. Are you ready out there? Listen closely. Put your ears to the paper. Ludwig Center has mice. (I could get kicked out of school for telling you that). Yes, we at the GLIMMERGLASS have seen the little sweethearts scurrying to and fro. To the office and fro the door. We also have in our possession, a collection of three baby mice. All with

their necks broken by the biting sting of a mousetrap. How many grieving mothers are searching in vain for their little children who ran outside to play and never came back? Alas, the poor dears will never again see the sun rise.

And here is a flash from our on-the-spot reporter, Doog Brat. "Here I have a mouse. A freshly caught one, too. I just picked it up from under the crumpled remains of the Layout Editor's desk. Sure is a funny looking mouse. Why is it square? I guess that's the desk it just ate. Well, so much for the cheese cure. This is Doog Brat with a hearty good-bye to one and all."

All of you good people who are trying to make sense out of this are now either throwing the paper away or are calling Rodger DeVore to see if these unsightly rumors are true. These are not rumors. (See Rodger, I saved you some phone calls). They are truthhoods.

So, 'Twas the night before deadline and all through the halls ran sweet, innocent rodents coming from the walls. And the Saga goes on. (Because the kitchen has

them too).

Now the GLIMMERGLASS has come up with the perfect solution. What we need is something to get rid of our little friends who roam the corridors at night. Putting our heads together is one thing we do best around here. We usually hang them together and knock each other out, but this time we've been constructive. Here it is, the cure of the century; Ludwig Center needs a cat. Yes, we need a cat. And just to be loyal to the school, let's make it a tiger cat. We'd better hurry, too, because those adorable little mice have fleas.

Thank you all for listening to this plea. It is but a small favor to ask. If I am not around next year, you know it's either because the mice mistook me for cheese and ate me, or the administration mistook me for a liberal and kicked me out of school. Either way, please do something to help this cause. We would like to stomp out this dreadful syndrome as soon as possible. And remember our newly adopted slogan: It's nice without mice.

ONC COUNSELING CENTER

All persons are confronted with a variety of problems at one time or other. Some of these are of a spiritual nature. Some are vocational, some are education, and others are of a personal nature. Whatever the problem is, solutions must be found; decisions must be made; actions must be taken if the individual is to assume responsibility for his destiny and lead a satisfying and fulfilling life.

Many of the problems faced by a student can be resolved on the basis of the student's past experience, the information he has accumulated about himself and his world, and his acquired problem-solving skill. In some instances, however, the student's experience, information, and problem-solving skills may be inadequate to meet the demands of the problem which confronts him. In other instances, these may be adequate, but the student may have a feeling of uncertainty about his solution and thus may require some confirmation of his decision before he is ready to take the appropriate action to carry it out. Frequently, the student is unable to identify his problem. He may not know what is troubling him, only that he is troubled. Under each of these circumstances, students have found counseling useful.

Some background information might be in order as to how the Counseling Center was born.

Last year Olivet lost its counselor, John Donahoe, leaving a void in the student services at Olivet. Dean Brady along with Dr. Flint saw a need for a counseling program at ONC. They proceeded to recruit some volunteer help, hoping that six or eight would give 2 or 3 hours a week. They felt by involving a number of people with different resources and backgrounds it would lend itself to a stronger program than with just one person.

They moved into the old Dean of Men's Office on the first floor of Chapman, and installed a 24-hour answering service (Ph. 5252).

It was in the embryonic stage, but Dean Brady and Dr. Flint had hopes of its developing into a Testing Center with Occupational information, as well as a counseling center. But, for this they would need a budget. They had none and were doing it on their own initiative. Dean Brady was willing to support

the basic needs of the center through his own budget. It was still to function under student services. This information was gathered last November, and there have been some changes. The greatest of which is an addition to the staff in the person of Mrs. Elaine Bierie. She is an Olivet graduate '74, with a degree in psychology and sociology. She received her master's degree from Ball State University. Last week I had a chance to ask her a few questions about her role at the Counseling Center. I asked her how she ended up there. She said she applied here last fall for a teaching job while she was interning at Manteno State Hospital. She was referred to Dr. Snowbarger and then to Dean Brady where she was offered a position at the Counseling Center.

I asked her, "Are the problems of students at ONC different from those elsewhere?"

"Some are, yes." But there are a lot of mutual things. Basically all

people share some similarity. Some kids have been more sheltered—more protected, and therefore have more problem in that way. They have some trouble adjusting to the freedom they are given in a college environment—the ability to make their own choices."

"What do you want to help them do?"

"I would like students to feel more comfortable with themselves—happier being here."

"It's not a matter of imposing your values on them and have them become a total person in that way. I let them talk and most of them find their own answers—themselves. Most people know down inside the solution, but they can't find it because of a block, etc. Counseling clarifies. It helps them to think. The permanent change comes from within."

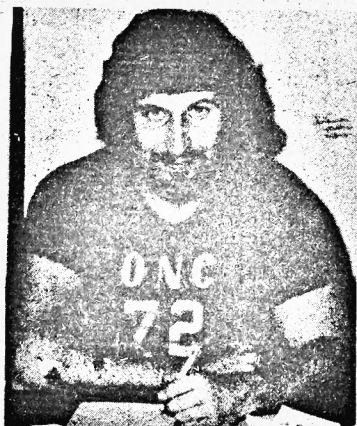
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EDITORIAL

With the construction of the Benner Memorial Library, a vast number of possibilities have been made possible in the area of knowledge and communication. One of the most important is that of the video-tape facilities. However, these facilities are not being used to their fullest potential. There are award winning programs broadcast every week which are not recorded. We think this is a sad commentary of such a large investment in equipment.

There are numerous fields of science, history and the social sciences which could be studied in greater depth by the use of the video-tape facilities.

There is a program broadcast each Sunday night at 10:30 p.m. on Channel 11 called Monty Python's Flying Circus. Mr. Python just won an Oscar for his productions. We think his programming would be a worthwhile addition to our video-tape library. It is an excellent opportunity to record and preserve the best traditions of English works to stand alongside the works of Byron, Shelly, and Reginald Hewitt. We suggest that a special recording crew, as well as a backup crew be



implemented to record the program each Sunday. The back-up crew will probably be necessary to take over the job when the initial crew is rolling about the floor in veritable fits of laughter.

We also would hope that Dr. Albert Lown be employed after a sufficient number of productions have been recorded to teach a college level course in English humor.

We, as Olivet students and faculty, should do our utmost to promote international understanding in this Bicentennial year. Monty Python's Flying Circus is as good a means to understanding the English way of life as we know. God save the watermelon.

David Rose

letters



by Mike Barnett

Crunch Records 59 or 60

The Frito Bandito Band: Chili, Pizza, and Castro in Cuba

This new north-of-the-border band has hit the charts already plus the first national banks of Denver, Houston, Los Angeles and Indiana. It seems as though they get around quite a bit (they are not to be confused with the old Beach Boys tune or Xavier Hollander).

Their newest lp was recorded in some

jail in Cuba. It was produced and engineered by that great military leader, Fiedel Castro, and is dedicated to the one and only Cha Guarvasquo.

The album contains the groups two newest hits, "Fritos and Beans and Beans and Fritos." The title cut and a twenty minute ballad called "Cha and Me" plus "My Favorite Dead Tequila Worn" are also included.

Watch out for this group; you better get them before they get you!

REVIVAL...

by Jolene Mills

Defining the word "revival" can bring many different ideas and opinions to mind. But when you think of just the word revival your mind should go immediately to the one being held for Olivet at College Church

Pastor Bill Draper has looked forward to this week of spetial services. Rev. A.J. Lown is the speaker and Pat Duncan is the song evangelist. These three men are working together during this time, and are hoping to uplift everyone spiritually. We must remember that not only are revivals for the unsaved, but they are also for those already saved who are in need of a closer and more definate relationship with the Lord.

College Church is only a small step from your dorm room; the revival is for you, the students, as well as city folk. So, let's see your faces in the audience every night this week.

To the Editor:

I have been reading your paper for some time and have noticed an evolution in content. Then a couple of weeks ago I noticed a comment to the effect that someone considers the paper "negative." This term is what prompted this letter.

I have yet to see anything which I, as an outsider, consider negative. What I have seen, especially in your editorials, is an effort to ask questions. Your questions show me that you have a sincere interest in your school and that, rather than sit around and gripe, you are making a constructive and admirable effort to do something.

Not too long ago, when I was in your shoes, most students did nothing more than complain. Then we found that by asking legitimate questions of those who made policy we were able to bring about some changes and to learn the reasons why some of the things we wanted weren't possible. Your editorials are causing the students to think for themselves, and isn't that what an education is all about?

Your efforts and those of some of your staff members are a healthy sign.

Keep up the good work.

Frank Absher
WBYG

Dear Editor,

This letter is in response to an item which appeared in the latest Dean's Dispatch. The item in question forbids the wearing of "patched or grubby looking Levis" by the guys and the wearing of any jeans by the girls, with \$25 fines

for infractions. The item concluded by asking for suggestions on better ways to obtain cooperation. I have hit upon what I feel is a novel solution to this problem.

What could be better than to require everyone to wear identical uniforms? For the guys these could be in the form of gold slacks and purple blazers with the word "Olivet" emblazoned across the back. Ties would be required, of course, but sock color would be left to the discretion of the individual. The girls would wear long gold skirts with long-sleeved purple blouses. Since their socks would show, white would be required. The benefits would be many.

1. Obviously, we could eliminate entirely the immoral practice of wearing jeans of any sort.

2. Olivet students would immediately be recognized wherever they went. Imagine the pride one would feel as he wore his purple and gold down the street.

3. Most importantly, the decision on what to wear would be eliminated. Imagine the bliss of being told what to do. We should be thankful for an administration willing to do this for us.

Please consider this proposal. Progress has a price. If we are to keep alive the fine spirit of conformity on campus, we must each do our part.

Sincerely,
Doug Pepe

Sirs:

The existence of God is not a concept which requires blind faith, but simply a logical mind that is willing to accept the

irrefutable evidence that abounds everywhere in our daily lives. This evidence not only proves God's existence, but other things about Him as well.

For example, we have all heard and read about various computers which are able to solve incredibly complex problems. These computers are the products of the test technological minds in western civilization, and are sometimes the size of a city block, requiring care and maintenance by many programmers and operators.

Yet the human brain, the same one you and I were born with, is a hundred thousand times more complex than the most sophisticated computer man has yet to build; and it is small enough to be held in your hands!

It doesn't take blind faith to be able to conclude from this that not only does God exist, but that He is probably Japanese.

Gardner Ted Armstrong
Los Angeles, Ca.

Dear Editor,

Last week in chapel, our beloved president, Dr. Parrott, stated that he would like to see the announcement time in chapel shortened or eliminated completely.

I think this would be extremely detrimental to the student body if it were to be carried out. This is definately the only time when the whole "Olivet Family" congregates together; important and greatly needed information is often given at this time.

Although his intentions might be good, I desperately hope that they are not fulfilled as they would not be beneficial to the student body.

Just as announcements are a necessary part of any church service, even so, announcements need to remain in Olivet's chapel services.

Sincerely,
Mike Barnett.

Glimmerglass Classifieds

WANTED!

One full time or two part time attendants for next semester. If one of the attendants is not a resident of Nesbitt Hall, I will be unable to return to ONC. \$140 month.

Contact Ann Moberly
Phone: 6303

1972 KAWASAKI 500

9,700 miles new chain, rear sprocket new engine, just tuned. in great running condition asking \$550 - call Tom at 6462 if you'd like to see it.

FOR SALE - Hammond Organ. Model M3. Leslie Speakers. Cabinet needs refinishing. Reasonable price. Contact Professor Humble Box 204. Home No. 933-8450.

Is there any advantage to having a woman on the counseling staff?

Sometimes it is easier for a guy to talk to another guy or a girl to another girl, but a lot of times it doesn't have anything to do with sex, but merely with personality.

Dr. Flint said that it was definitely not for a sex balance. When the Dean of women was eliminated it left something of a void. We are not trying to replace her, but it was important to have another personality alternative in counseling.

The counseling center stresses confidentiality. Their own information pamphlet says —

CONFIDENTIAL NATURE OF COUNSELING

Information shared by the student in the course of counseling is treated as confidential. It will be

released only on the written request of the student.

Dr. Flint related to me that they don't keep many records. The files that they have are by number only with no names. Even if someone were to break into the file, they would not be able to learn the identities of those attending the Counseling Center. "That's our way of guaranteeing confidentiality."

I asked them what percentage of those who used the counseling center were male or female. According to their figures, 64 per cent were female.

The present personnel of the counseling center is Dr. Hendrick, Dr. Bell, Prof. Ingersol, Prof. Wills, Dr. Flint, Elaine Bierie, Dr. Wise, and Dr. Nielson.

Their hours are everyday 10:30 to 3:30 by appointment and 10:30

to 4:30 Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday.

They are in the process of putting together a testing center, including intelligence testing and personality testing. There is a lot of planning going on.

They related their basic philosophy; Counseling from a Christian perspective. Preaching is not part of it, but we recognize the therapeutic value of Christian faith.

EXPECTATIONS FROM COUNSELING

The principal aim of counseling is to assist each student in gaining a more realistic understanding of himself in order that he may make the most effective use of his own psychological resources in defining and achieving his own life goals. Students who request counseling are sometimes disappointed when the counselor cannot do something "to" him or "for" him which will quickly and easily

solve the problem. The counselor's task is rather to help the student gain understanding, make decisions, and take the appropriate actions. Anything other than that would make the counselor become a "crutch" and would be fostering immature dependence rather than developing independence.

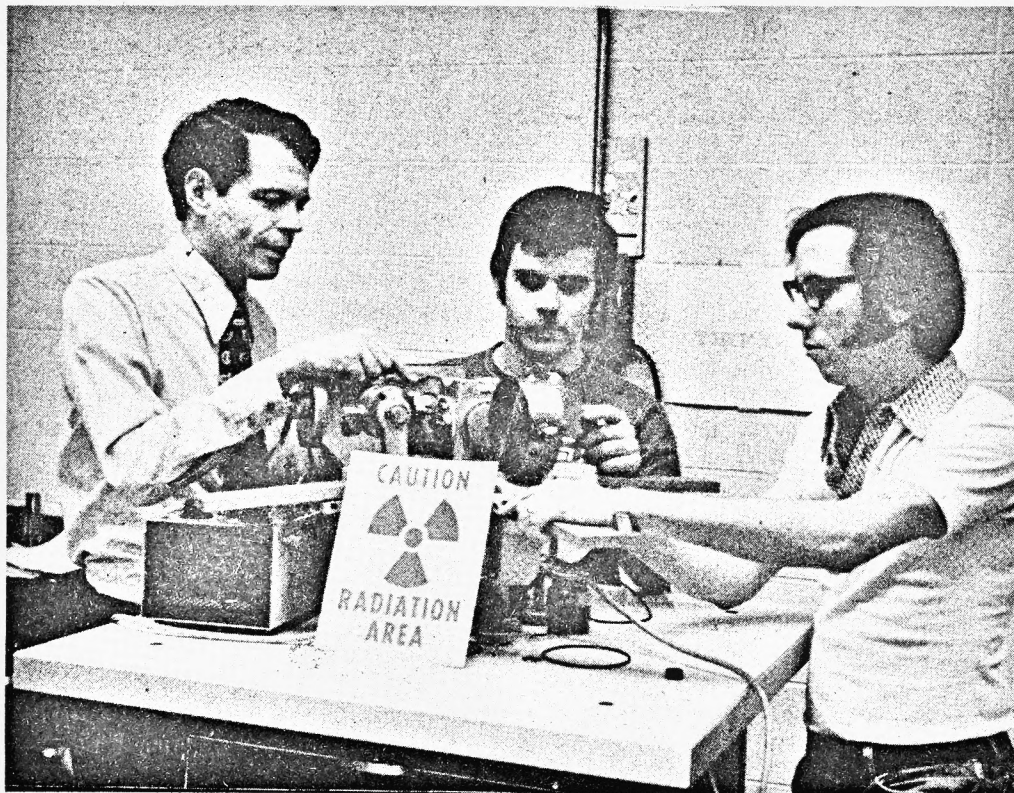
HOW TO SECURE A COUNSELING APPOINTMENT

An appointment for counseling may be made by visiting or calling the Counseling Center. Each student who comes to the Counseling Center will select one of several professionally trained counselors who are available for appointments at different times during the week.

When the world is getting you down, and the answers just don't seem to be within reach, give the helpful people at the Counseling Center a call. They're here to help.

What Every Father Owe His Son

by Max Reams



Dr. Max Reams, with the aid of his students, is building an atomic bomb for his son.

What do I owe my son? If you ask him he might tell you I owe him last week's allowance (I'm good at forgetting)! Important as his allowance is to him, that is but a tiny aspect of what I owe my son. It's very easy, in our society, to feel that the things I owe my son can be bought in a supermarket or a department store. It would be nice if it was that easy!

Actually, the poorest father and the richest father each owe their sons the same things! In terms of what is of greatest value in shaping the life of this son, the size of a father's bank account has nothing to do with it. Materialism gives no one an advantage over anyone. In many cases, it may be true that wealth is a detriment! It is easy to substitute gadgets for what a man's son really needs.

What do I owe my son? First, I owe my son an image, a good, solid male image. That may sound trivial, but it isn't. One of the great lacks in our homes is a real male image. Many children are deprived of a reasonable male image: someone a boy can look to and say, "That's the kind of person I'm going to be like, someday." A son doesn't need the image of a weak, faltering, indecisive father, but a man who knows where his family is headed and is leading them. In many broken homes, the wife must assume the role of

mother AND father. Many boys are being reared without an adequate male with whom they may identify. Other boys may have to identify with a very poor specimen of a man. If dad is an indulgent blob who slouches, half-drunk, in front of his TV set or one who bugs

out when the going gets tough, then his son may think it's normal for men to shun responsibilities. Sons desperately need fathers who will be MEN, assuming their proper role in the family. So, first of all, I owe my son a good, solid male image.

What is a solid male image? Should fathers bare their hairy chests, shout down their children, and glare their wives to sniveling submission? That is hardly the male image of the Bible! The Biblical concept of a male image is outlined in Ephesians, chapters 5 and 6: 5:25 (Living Bible) "husbands, show the same kind of love to your wives as Christ showed to the church when he died for her."

5:23 (New International Version) "each one of you must love his wife as he loves himself."

6:4 (Living Bible) "Don't keep on scolding and nagging your children, making them angry and resentful. Rather, bring them up with the loving discipline the Lord himself approves, with suggestions and godly advice."

There, as only the Scriptures can give it, is God's concept of a male image (also in this section is God's concept of a female image and the responsibilities of children.)

A solid male image is a father who:

1. Loves his wife as Christ loves the Church. How does Christ love the Church? Jesus sacrificed His very life for the Church. His is, and ours should be, self-giving love. This kind of love is not selfish and demanding but gives until there isn't any more to give, and then reaches in and gives some more! The father who gives himself to his family, instead of taking from them, portrays a solid male image his son would be proud to imitate.

A father needs to ask himself some revealing questions now and then: "When was the last time I did something nice just to surprise my wife, (NOT on her birthday)?" "When did I take my wife out to eat, by ourselves?" "When did I last offer to keep the children so my wife could do something with her girl friends?" If I can answer these questions without feeling embarrassed, it's likely my son is building a picture of what it means to love unselfishly!

A solid male image is a father who:

2. Loves his wife as he loves himself. Every boy needs a father who looks out for the immediate and eternal welfare of the queen of their home. My son's attitude toward women is largely determined by how he sees his father treat his mother. If he sees bitter arguments, complaints, and unconcern, he may develop a careless attitude toward women. He may come to think of women as objects instead of people. If my words or attitudes imply that I'm out to please myself first, then he may repeat my errors. On the other hand, if he sees loving concern and sincere, unselfish affection, my son may come to feel that women are SPECIAL people (at least he'll know his dad think so!).

He needs to feel that women are worthy persons, deserving respect, love, and sacrifice. I MUST treat my wife well; that's an image my son needs to see. The kind of home I build is likely the kind of home my children will build.

A solid male image is a father who: 3. Makes it easy for his children to obey him. Now that's a tough one! Isn't it easy to hound, badger, and generally make it unnecessarily hard for someone to carry out your wishes? If I am wishy-washy, always changing my mind about what I want my boy to do, he will be confused and lose respect for my judgement. One junior high boy told me his favorite verse in the Bible was Ephesians 6:4! Although I'm not certain he understood the full meaning behind this verse, he does have a point! Fortunately for fathers, the Bible does have something to say to us about discipline and some of the fine points of child-rearing. Children learn to obey best in an environment of unquestioned love and affection.

The Bible doesn't speak of cheap sentimentality. This love is always present, regardless of the acts which the child may commit. If I withdraw my love as a means of punishment, I may do great harm to my child. My discipline must be directed toward their acts and never cause my children to seriously doubt my love! My son may not enjoy the discipline, but he must know I love him unquestionably. It's important to note the verses just before this one (6: 1-3, New International Version), "Children, obey your parents in the Lord, for this is right. Honor your father and mother—which is the first commandment with a promise—that it may go well with you and that you may enjoy long life on the earth." Children have a great promise—let's not spoil it for them by making it hard to obey us!



Dr. Ream's son and friends watching atomic bomb explode

THE IMPERIALS

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615/327-2835

IMPACT
RECORDS

by Jolene Mills

Something is coming Olivet's way — something very special indeed. You've all heard of them, and you probably love their music. They are the Imperials.

With many thanks to the Social Committee, we can now look forward to their spectacular visit on April 8.

The Imperials consist of four main vocalists and four background musicians. The main four are: Terry Blackwood, Sherman Andrus, Armund Morales, and Jim Murray.

As the leader of the group, Terry Blackwood has the distinct pleasure of doing the vocal arrangements. His father was one of the original Blackwood Brothers.

Sherman Andrus is the newest Imperial and has sung with the group on the last four albums.

Armund Morales is the only member who sang with the original group. He adds his deep bass voice to the whole affect with such smoothness that you can't help but be blessed.

Jim Murray, who sings tenor, is the manager of the Imperials along with Armund.

The musical abilities of these dedicated young men allow them to express their love for Jesus Christ in many different styles. They always seem to give life to the songs they sing, and they also give life to the audience through them.

The tickets will go on sale one week in advance at Ludwig Center. They will cost \$2.50 for students and \$3.50 for non-students. The doors will open at 7:00 p.m.



(picture left to right) Jim Murray, Terry Blackwood, Sherman Andrus, Armund Morales.

Grendal strikes again

by T.J. Rome

Down in the dark, dirty lair of Grendal's den commonly known as the GLIMMERGLASS office are innocent victims who have been captured by the fiends of Grendal known as the Sludge Brothers. These followers of the hoary creature have tortured their victims with the use of absurd philosophy and utter antagonism. Those who have escaped have returned with ideas of there being no bodily existence and the mind is the only substance that exists. These creatures of darkness have run rampant now for three years.

One of the rulers of this faraway campus tried to fight these foes. Everything was tried; from a standoff of philosophy to poison from their magnificent banquet halls. Nothing seemed to hinder them in the quest of maljustice.

From the land of the Democrats known as Chicago came a warrior known as Brawn. He had heard of their latest plan to overthrow the harmony of the people

on that campus. Beginning to feel the spirit of adventure and conquest, he set out for this fabled city of knowledge to meet in combat with Grendal and that sludge.

His plan was simple: engage them in open combat to show the frightened populace that their ideas were invalid. The warrior issued the challenge and it was accepted. Brawn attacked vigorously with arguments from the idea of God to the idea of existence.

With one final blow, he twisted off Grendal's arm by stating that existentialism is accepted by those who are afraid of reality. That fatal blow sent Grendal and the Sludge back to their lair where the fiend himself died and was heard of no more.

The people had decided in favor of Brawn's solid ideas and realized they should never fear any negativism.

Brawn returned home a hero and all was well with the world.



TRICKY DICKY'S CHARM
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for more information call
612-4451 in Fairbanks Alas.

WBYG special

An outstanding disc-jockey visited the GLIMMERGLASS office last week. He was neither Larry Lujack nor Wolfman Jack, but Kankakee's only Frank Absher from WBYG, 99.9 FM.

Frank, who has been with this station since last June, has been in the radio limelight ever since his college days back in Missouri. Frank stopped by to tell us about their "Chicago Special"

Starting Friday, April 2, WBYG will be programming an hour of continuous music by one of the country's leading rock groups, Chicago.

Frank said the "Chicago Special" is directed toward college students, because they wanted to do something special for them. Also, it gives them a good opportunity to buy albums at a cheaper rate.

A record shop in Mokena called Toppys is helping to support this program by offering a special bargain for you record album nuts: if you buy Chicago's Greatest Hits, they will give you a \$.50 cut on any other album you buy.

If this idea is successful, this program may be repeated at a later date.

HARDEE'S

OPEN DAILY
AT 10 a.m.

AT 448 SOUTH
BOURBONNAIS MAIN

Hurry on down to Hardee's

Dear Dave and Dawn,
We are running off to be married.



APRIL FOOL'S — We still love you.

Sincerely,
Kay Anibal
Ed Thomas

FOR SALE

Wedding dress and veil. Has been used but is in very good condition. Traditional style dress and short veil. Size 9 \$65. Call Dawn at 6817 for more information.
(This is no joke.)

Bourbonnais

PIZZA HUT

\$1.00 OFF ON ANY
MEDIUM OR LARGE PIZZA.
MONDAY AND TUESDAY NIGHTS ONLY

STUDENT I.D.
REQUIRED.



OFFER EXPIRES APRIL 25, 1976

GUTTERGLASS RAMBLINGS

Once in a while, people need to let their inner thoughts roam freely across the pages of history. These following stories are comments made by writers on the GUTTERGLASS staff. We, the writers of the stories, wish to announce our complete insanity and cannot be held for any lies, unjust accusations, or blackmail. Please enjoy our GUTTERGLASS ramblings.

To the People (I say this in derision) of The GLIMMERGLASS:

I don't believe what has been going on in this dank den of (better left unsaid). The audacity of ripping materials, that have been cast into file X for the want of a more obscure place, to place them in our great paper is just plain tomfoolery. (Although in a case which humility forces me from refraining the disclosure of the author, the writing was ahem! fantastic!) This must stop; we cannot allow this jibberish to infiltrate our renowned journalistic successes (some exceptions to this rule are in some cases necessary).

Sincerely,
(for the sake of my pride I shall remain anonymous.)

Well, it's another hectic evening in the GLIMMERGLASS office, and as usual, we are not getting a whole lot done. We have the usual amount of excess personnel both legitimate and illegitimate.

Oh, oh, now our own lovely Emilie Verde is whispering in a corner with Keith and oh, oh here comes Jolene to bother them. Now she is shoving me around and cackling about some great idea that she has just received from me. Maybe I should patent my whimsies sometime — they can be valuable, you know.

Hey, hey, hey, Big Dave Rose, our fearless leader, has just popped in.

Ruth has brought in a new friend, and he is actually helping and not hindering her. Will wonders never cease? Swaff

is studiously laying out his poetry page which is probably all that keeps this paper going; that is, except for the fantastic talents of Mr. Jeff Grovesner.

Now Emilie has got Dave Long in her corner; boy, she has more people in her corner than a champion prize fighter. Now in comes another Dave, only this one is more of a clown than the rest. Oh, well if Mr. Evans can relieve the monotony...

I think that it might be advisable that I quickly and quietly quit before my two little fingers get too tired to do my job.

Dear To Whom It May Concern:

This is an open letter to anyone to reveal the bizarre happenings going on in the GLIMMERGLASS office. Many assassinations have been planned; thank heaven none have as yet taken place. However, it seems as though the editor may have notions of carrying out one of the devious plans late this evening.

A poll was taken last week, and it revealed that of 10 staff members of the GG staff, eight had attempted suicide in the last two months. Now, isn't that frightening? What's even more frightening is that there used to be 18 people on the staff.

You may ask (and rightly so) what happened to the other eight people? (I could be killed for the info I am about to give you, but here goes): six committed successful suicide and the other two have never been found. They were reported missing three weeks ago (during a heavy-pressured deadline) and have not been seen since.

Oh, no... here comes the editor! If he sees me, I will be added to the list of missing persons. Here he comes... please, not that... anything but women's sports... help me!

Once upon a time (how original), there lived and breathed in the hearts of mankind a glorified newspaper called (affectionately), the GLIMMERGLASS. The unspeakable horror that was supposedly meant to cheer the searching

hearts of students, pests and ungrates, was in fact a commentary on the flight of the bumblebee. But no one ever really cared enough to let the true facts shine through, and 15 burdened old maids slaved through the hot and cold winds to deliver the GLIMMERGLASS to the doors of mankind.

However, in reconditioning and proof-reading each and every article of each and every issue, it was found that each and every old maid was totally unstable. The community, hearing of the disastrous news, picketed the GLIMMERGLASS and brought national attention and fame to the glorified newspaper. Soon the Pentagon decided to put its couple pennies in the game and began to conceal the important data compiled on the flight of the bumblebee.

To make a long story short, those 15 old maids are now married to 15 bachelors from the Pentagon and the GLIMMERGLASS is now defunct.

counseling

by Mike Barnett

If you are interested in counseling or psychology, try a trip up to the Chicago YMCA Community College Campus.

On the first and third Wednesdays of each month, the Alfred Adler Institution conducts open counseling sessions. The counselors work with parents and children to establish a better understanding between them. The program is free to the public and the audience (which is composed of teachers, students and parents seeking to better their own relationship with their children) is encouraged to give opinions and make suggestions to the counselor and parents.

The counseling is simply down to earth, and very helpful not only to the counselors, but also to the audience. Last Wednesday I found the experience to be very interesting, educational, and a must for all in psychology or education.

The evening was well spent, and I feel that it was worth missing Wednesday evening prayer meeting. I recommend it to anyone interested in psychology, education, children, or just human understanding.

If you are interested in this type of education outside the classroom, feel free to contact Dr. Jack Furbie, Education Department, or Dr. William Bell, Psychology.

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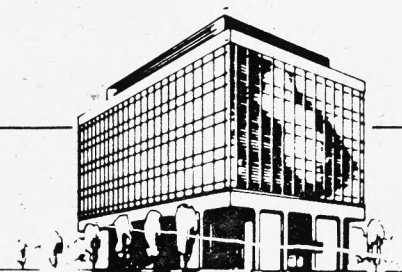
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"Poetry Page"

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN

Spin me back down
the ages of my youth,
Draw the lace and black curtains
and shut out the whole truth.
I sit in deep reflection,
where are the answers to my questions?
If all of this should have a reason
let me be the first to know—
Which one took my heart?
which one took my soul?
Within, without
I've sought throughout,
To fill the void
where emptiness mounts.
The truth is written
all along the page,
How long will it be
before I come of age?
Here inside the void
is a new dimension of reality
Where the blind can see—
and the reasons I understood will be . . .
Out on some borderline
close to the edge endlessly.
How many years must I
be driven by this dream?
Running in the wrong direction
with good intentions,
Finding strength in weakness
throughout a faltering scheme.
Infinite space find their places,
empty skies and falling stars
All the changes leave their scars
on broken smiles that stretch too far.
Pouring in spilled out affection

over the shattered reflections on the wall
Where a mirrored image still stands tall—
but being weak we're bound to fall.
In the pain and all the strife
over my head throughout my life,
But when I learn I seem to earn
in my life ultimate concern.
Eyes soft with sorrow
finding strength in tomorrow
Through all of this I do believe
I'll ask this cup to pass from me—
Oh, so happy to be back finally
to lie in truth homefree.

But is the image I'm making the image I see?
when the man in the mirror begins to fear . . .
The neglected needs are planting seeds
and begging, "oh please nourish me,"
And our true fruition will grow somewhere
we'll feel inside the beauty there.
Hope this finds you all renewed—
between the lines not misconstrued . . .
Every picture tells a story,
I paint hue in mine
Rhyme and reason are in due season
in between fine lines.

While wearing all those straight-faced lies
you've brought about your own demise.
It's cold and dusty but let it be,
the mirror is free behind the masque to see
To deceive the mass and still believe
as rivers of crystal-clear mirrors—
And blind reflections, mud-stained fears . . .
being lost somewhere caught in the tears,
Outside of this truth you never face
convinced that yours is no disgrace.
Really don't mind
if you sit this one out,
Your words but a whisper
your deafness a shout.

Making all of your well thought out deals
in shades of wisdom that scarcely feel,
I guess being weak we're bound to fall
and deceive each other after all.

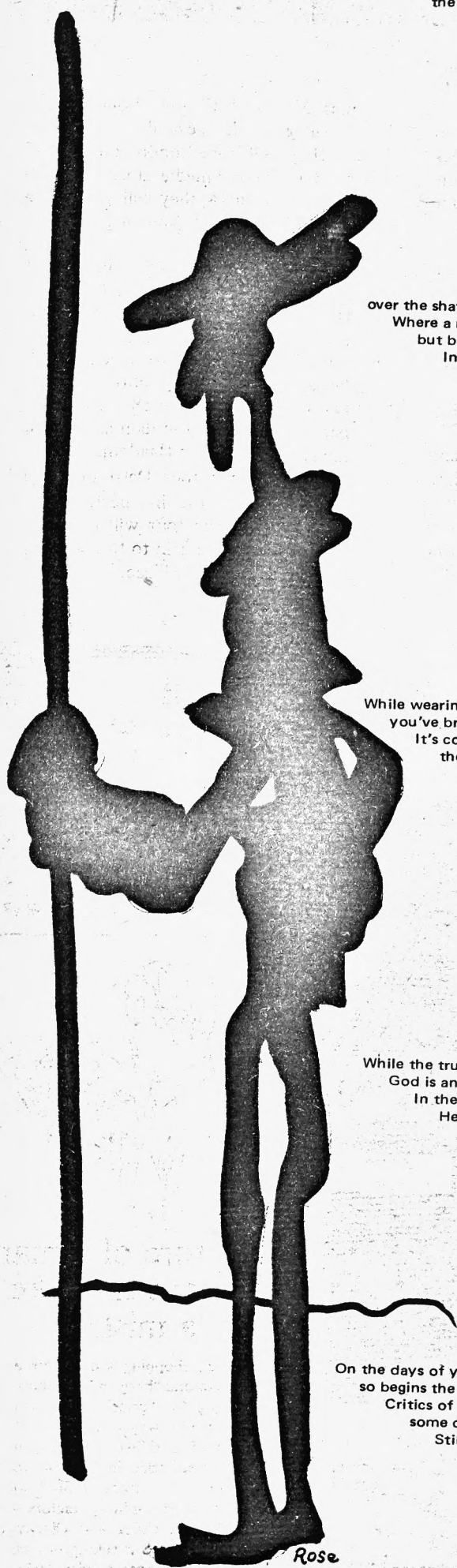
In the morning, throughout the evening
I guess I should be up and leaving,
To find out that I've always known
mourning is the long way home . . .
But darkness goes and softness shows
a failing light that seems to glow,
There's a distant light that's shining in
lighting truth for us all again.

While the truths flow through the blind will see . . .
God is an overwhelming responsibility.
In the clear-white circles of morning
He'll enter your life without warning—
So kindly state the time of year
and mark the precise nature of your fear,
Gabriel plays so all will hear
when the hour of judgment draweth near.
So open up our merging hearts
and feed our empty souls,
Broken molds and tales untold
while all the light outcast unfolds.
Snug in your Bible-belt dreams
with shattered dreams reflecting schemes
That gives me a headful of quandary,
there is a light in the depths of your darkness . . .
Oh, let it shine like the sun so all might see
and I'll take this message to my brother wherever he leans.
What has been will always be
all the memories leave imprints on me . . .
Yes, I can be effected most heavily
with you captured here in my memory,
Oh, my desperate cry is to make you see
the alternative to truth is hypocrisy.
Descending face, ascending grace,
all of you I will embrace
As all the tears and tracks retrace,
a memory fades—is the past erased?
On the other side of loneliness,
seeking gain and contemplating loss
Like a coin that won't get tossed
you must seek Revelation whatever the cost.
A joyful masque with no color, no contrast
with the virtue of your style inscribed

On the days of your youth,
so begins the task — for those who seek the truth.
Critics of all expression laid
some compelling source of light,
Still the searcher must cling to something
racing along in his fright.
But leaving all the changes far from far behind
they pass through their sorrow
And leave me quite still . . .
sitting among souvenirs with new ways to feel.
I'll catch a ride on a violin
strung upon your bow,
And I'll float on your melody—
sing your chorus soft and low.
There's no chain on my door
I'm available for consultation,
With no frustration, not one expectation—
No circling compromise, just my own new creation.
With timetables turned and flags unfurled
I'm up to my deaf ears in stone-cold grace.
To be cleared before I can dine
On your sweet Sunday lunch confusion stakes . . .
And meet the gazes and observe the faces
I picture every move the past has made.
Infinite peace, eternal love
for earth below from heaven above,
Love is real, it can make you feel
that the eagle will fly with the dove.
Well the meanings get lost
and the teachings get tossed,
But some kind of message comes through to you . . .
await His arrival
With simple survival,
and one day we'll all understand.
Your conscience awakes and you see your mistakes
and you wish someone would buy your confessions,

The days miss their mark
and the nights get so dark,
I can't be bought out
with plastic concessions.
Well my dreams are for dreaming
and best left that way
As the sand castle virtues are all swept away
in the tidal destruction, the moral melee—
The last wave uncovers
the newfangled way—
A sunshine day where I'm skating away
on the thin ice of a new day.
A long distance runaround
the truth flies over the land,
And from where I sit
I see where you stand.
Crossing barriers
over a bridge of sighs—
The truth rides the wind
till it reaches your eyes,
And when faced with the past
the strongest man cries.
Well there's a memory left to say that I called—
some roses on a tray,
And there's a haze on the skyline
to wish me on my way . . .

Paul Clack
March 29, 1976



Rose

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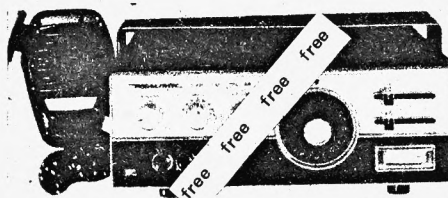
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TREBLE CLEF CHOIR

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The Treble Clef Choir of Olivet Nazarene College will entertain European audiences for the fourth time next month in a two-week tour that will include stops in London, Paris, Edinburgh and Amsterdam.

Professor Irving Kranich, director of the choir, said the tour will include six concerts and allow time for the 36 members of the choir to see the sights and study the history of the countries to be visited.

The choir previously traveled to Europe in 1971, 1973 and 1975.

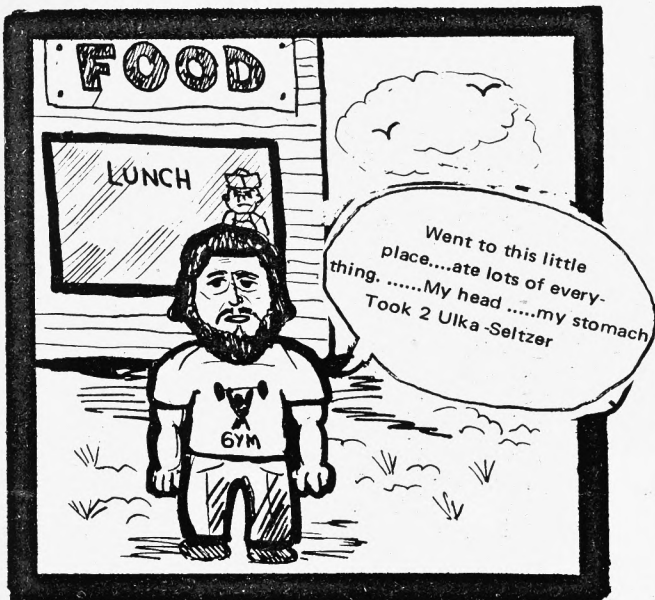
The choir will depart on April 6 and arrive in Luxembourg on April 7. They will travel to Paris the following day with a stopover in Verdun. The trip to London will include a brief stop at Canterbury. They will sing at the Tho-

mas Memorial Chapel, London, the morning of the next day.

They will leave London on April 13 and travel to the medieval city of Chester. On April 14, they will arrive in Edinburgh, Scotland, and sing at a Nazarene Church.

An overnight boat trip will take the choir to the English coastal town of Harwich on April 16. An evening concert will be presented in Leiden on April 17, after the group travels to Rotterdam, Holland. The choir will have two concerts on April 18 — a morning performance in Rotterdam and an evening performance in Haarlem.

Members will tour Delft on April 20 and give an evening performance in Zaandam. The tour will conclude on April 21 with a trip to Brussels and a visit to "La Grande Place."



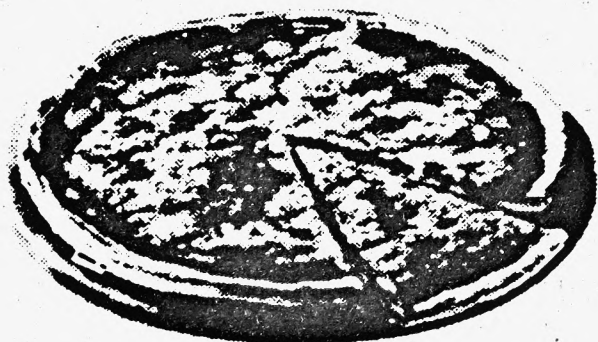
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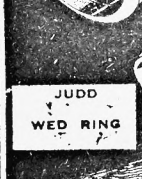
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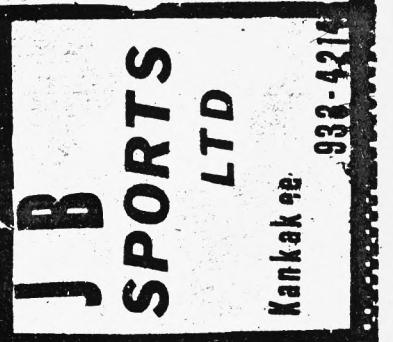
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DORNOB'S DOODLING

by Wanny Dornob

As everyone knows, baseball or softball is, basically, an outdoor sport, however, since the men's baseball team has started the regular season, the campus softball team is now into intercollegiate softball. I was under the assumption that my opening statement, "baseball or softball are outdoor sports" was true. However, I walked into the gym this past Tuesday only to discover that Olivet has a new sports facility, the Olivetdome.

That's right. This small campus not only acquired a football team for next season but they also have a place to play indoor softball. The Olivetdome, formerly Birchard fieldhouse, is located next to Miller Business Center on the ONC campus. Until this time such silly things as recreational badminton and basketball shooting were done in the fieldhouse. Now that the facility has been turned over to what at one time was an outdoor sport, anyone that would like an autograph from a real live athlete can go over to the Olivetdome any afternoon at any time and not only get a valuable autograph but also see some of the best softball players in the world practicing. ONC may very well win the World Series of softball this season with the team they are turning out. The one problem may be the ceiling as it is a bit low for any real high flies — they may go right through the top of the gym.

A note to all of you autograph hounds: don't stay around too long when some of my friends and I were shooting some baskets at the opposite end of the basketball court from where they were practicing, we were showered with softballs that the players threw at us.

Oh well, we can all hardly wait to see the ONC softball team in action inside yet. Who cares if we can no longer shoot baskets? I only have one question. If the Olivetdome is open to all sports such as the softball team, where are we going to get the moeny to resurface the floor for basketball once the football team plays an entire season there with their football spikes?

BASEBALL

Olivet's baseball team opened their 1976 season last week with a double win over George Williams College. The Tigers won the first game 8-7 with the aid of the hitting of Mel Felts and John Rattle. Felts had four runs batted in including a home run, his career's first, and a game winning double down the right field line. Rattle powered a

home run over the left field fence.

Olivet won game two 5-4. In that contest John Rattle drilled his second home run of the day and Tom Hahs a freshman added a round tripper. Paul Stevenson pitched for the Tigers and lasted the whole game for his first victory of the season.

Listed below is the Tiger diamond schedule for 1976.

April 7—Wed.	Trinity	Home	1:00
April 8—Thurs.	Chicago State	Chicago, Ill.	1:00
April 10—Sat.	Concordia	River Forest, Ill.	12:00
April 21—Wed.	I.B.C.	Lisle, Ill.	1:30
April 23—Fri.	Lincoln	Home	1:00
April 24—Sat.	Rockford	Rockford, Ill.	1:00
April 28—Wed.	Purdue	Hammond, Ind.	1:00
April 30—Fri.	Northeastern	Chicago, Ill.	1:00
May 1—Sat.	Judson	Home	1:00
May 3—Mon.	Lewis	Lockport, Ill.	7:30
May 5—Wed.	Aurora	Home	1:00
May 7—Fri.	Northwestern	Evanston, Ill.	2:30
May 10—Mon.	St. Francis	Joliet, Ill.	1:00
May 12—Wed.	Districts	Lockport, Ill.	

UNDERWATER WRESTLING

Olivet will see the formation of a new collegiate sport next fall — underwater wrestling. This glowing new sport was made famous in the Caribbean, Moscow and other exotic tropical islands.

The rules of this sport are fairly simple but crude. Each team will supply six UWW in seven different categories. The seven divisions are: sinkers, hooks, test line, fins, snorkel, baseball bat, and shot gun. Under these divisions, the wrestlers will use weapons suggested by the division or any item they dream up.

The object is to make your opponent surface and gasp for air before you completely put him or her (since it will be the first co-ed collegiate sport) under total submission to your mass power. Ten points is awarded to your team if you scare your

opponent before the match and he chickens out. Twenty additional points can also be awarded if your opponent never surfaced or you get him before he enters the water.

This new ONC sport will be organized and directed by Coach Larry Waterson. Coach Waterson feels this is one of today's largest growing sports. He says it is a combination of ballet, breath control, wrestling, and ice hockey. He feels this sport will grow popular with people from wet climates as well as expectant mothers who will need the practice for natural childbirth.

Tryouts will occur this spring. The Athletic Department and Orpheus Choir will use this new sport on their next fall tour. Rumors have it that the 1980 Olympic games may include this new growing, silly sport.

NEW SPORT

by O.J. Ernstein

Today Coach Yard introduced a new sport on campus. This sport has been organized in a cooperative endeavor by two departments on campus. The science department is supplying the rocket packs, and of course, the P.E. department is to supply the bodies or should I say, the players.

Federal money from NASA is expected in this joint endeavor. Coach Yard said, "We could turn out alot of good astronauts from this sports venture. However, there is a possible problem with insurance."

Dr. Steams of the Science Department was not too concerned with the human aspects of the venture. He said, "The research we will do on this newly developed caramel powered jet engine is what is important. Although life is important, this offers Olivet students a way out in class — they can die as a scientist and a jock at the same time."

Coach Yard said, "There is a tryout list of nine hundred already. Tryouts will be playing chicken on bicycles with the six o'clock Illinois Central."

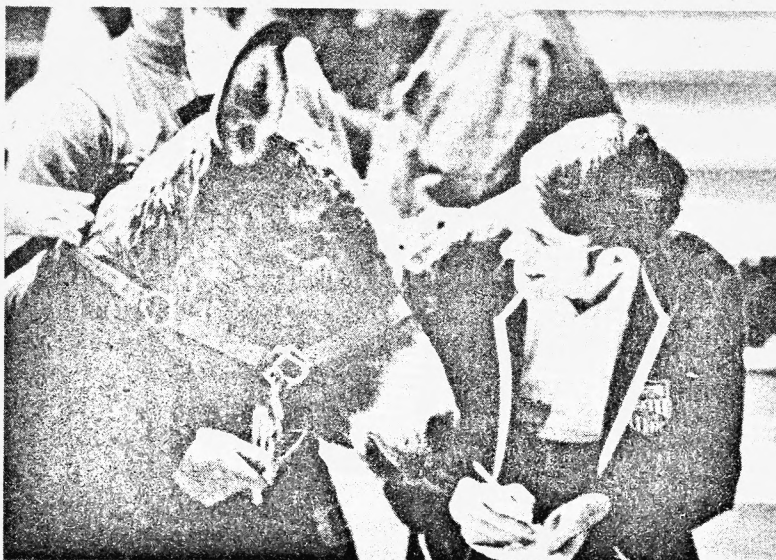


Photo by Mounts

Prof. Ray Morrison engaged in an interview with a jack-ass, as he often does here at ONC

MORRISON'S MEMO

by Ray Morrison

Amidst all the fun and action of the Donkey Basketball Tournament held last week in Birchard Fieldhouse, I took some time out at the end of the contest to interview the real stars of the games — the donkeys. I cornered two of the mules — Elvis and Honey Pot (the world's most buckinest mule) and got their reactions of the contest. The following is a portion of that interview received from them.

Q: What is your reaction to the game this evening?

Elvis: I thought the donkeys did real well. We came out in better shape than most of the riders. A good part of the time, they couldn't even stay on our backs. So then they would play the game on the floor and would drag us around behind them — that's not kosher!

Honey Pot: Those players were terrible shots. One night last week, we had a girls' team that would have put these guys to shame.

Q: What do you enjoy most about working at our basketball game?

Elvis: Oh, I like looking at all the pretty girls you have on campus. The cheerleaders weren't too bad looking either — I didn't evey try to buck them off. Also, I enjoyed the little kids. I'd do anything for them.

Honey Pot: I like the reaction

of the fans when I go into my act. The crowd enjoys my jumping around. Did you see the way I cleared the baseball team's bench as they tried to catch me? That's what I enjoy most — causing trouble.

Q: Have either of you ever been injured?

Elvis: No, but we've sure given a few pains to the riders. They had to leave the game with bumped heads and bruised bodies. That serves them right for kicking us in the ribs or pulling our ears, mane and tail!

Q: Do either of you get tired from working night after night?

Honey Pot: No, after riding all day long in a van with seven other mules, I need to stretch my legs. I've been in so many games; my endurance is better than most of my cousins on the farm.

Q: Say Elvis — weren't you the mule that got a drink from Jim Tripp during the contest?

Elvis: Yes, why?

Q: Was that really water?

Elvis: I'll never tell!

Q: What are your future goals?

Elvis: Mine is to take the title away from Honey Pot. Did you see the way I kept that fellow named Whitten off my back? He couldn't even get on to pass the ball!

Honey Pot: Besides keeping mules like Elvis here from taking my title, I'm trying to participate in as many scoreless games as possible. The record is 42 by the great donkey "Buckaroo." I have 26 so far but I also have a few good years left.

Q: Are the mules pampered with the best of care?

Elvis: Yes, I enjoy my life.

How many mules do you know that travel around the country from one sell-out crowd to another to do what comes natural — kicking people? I eat well and get my daily rubdown. I have no complaints.

Honey Pot: My trainer is excellent. He taught me how to step quickly, then stop without any warning, curl my head and watch the riders roll off my back. He spent years teaching me that trick. Now it is as simple as talking like a human.

Q: What do you two plan to do now that the game is over?

Elvis: Well, a group of us mules and trainer/chaperone will go out and hit the hay!

With that last smart remark, the two mules left and all I heard from them was some he-hawing as they joined their group of compatriots.

The GUTERGLASS is the unofficial administrative, propagandic, and silly publication of ONC.

Subscription rates are so cheap, we are going broke; so please run adds in our paper.

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